

HISTORY OF A MODERN MARTYR

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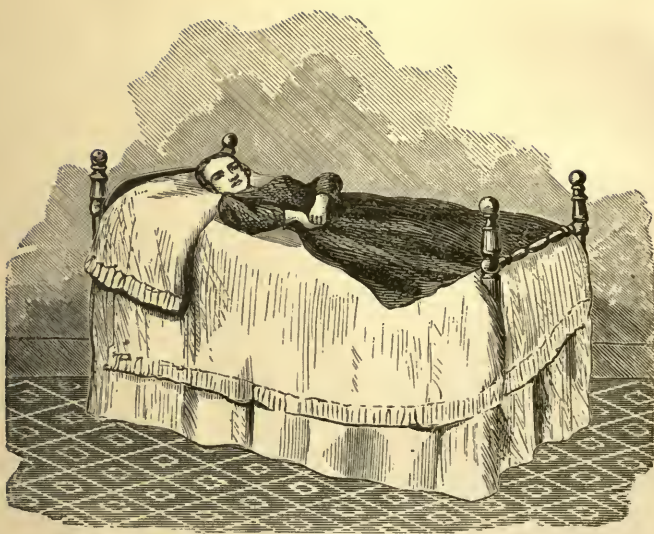
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MISS LIZZIE O. SMITH.

HISTORY OF A MODERN MARTYR;

OR,

THE LIFE, SUFFERINGS, AND RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

OF

MISS LIZZIE O. SMITH.

BY

REV. E. DAVIES,

Author of "Believer's Handbook," "He leadeth me," "The Gift of the Holy Ghost," &c.

"My life, my blood, I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent:
Fulfil thy sovereign council, Lord;
Thy will be done, thy name adored."

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR.

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VILLE, CT.; J. P. MAGEE, BROMFIELD STREET; AND CONGREGA-
TIONAL PUBLISHING HOUSE, BOSTON, MASS.

Dedication.



To

ALL WHO ARE TREADING IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS

BY BEING MADE

“PERFECT THROUGH SUFFERING,”

IS THIS BOOK MOST AFFECTIONATELY

Dedicated.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
INTRODUCTION	9

CHAPTER I.

Birth and early life.—Sanguine and active.—School education.—Loss of mother.—Family broken up.—Violent cold.—Calomel.—Relapse.—Began to decline.—Beginning of sorrows.—Wholly confined to her bed.—Sinking into the will of God.—Human help fails.—No fear of death.—God's voice.—Would you like to get well?—Nearly blind in one eye.—Poverty.—Neglected private prayer.—Unyielding will.—Rod applied.—Kind friends.—Wilderness.—Limbs contracting.—Jaws set.—Reflections.—New attack.—Opium.—No hope of recovery.—Chastisement.—Eating with a long knife and fork.—Seraphine . . .	15
--	----

CHAPTER II.

Loss of pastor.—Many afflictions.—Intense sufferings.—Sleep gone.—Need of a mother's care.—Self-examination.—Besetting sins.—No hope.—Tears day and night.—Encouraging word.—Wishing for death.—Tempted to commit suicide.—Heavy rod.—Light dawns.—Novel-reading.—The law a school-master.—Deformity of body.—New consecration.—Heavy cross.—Glad thanksgiving.—Entire sanctification.—Joined Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. D. Dorchester.—Great joy.—Marked answers to prayer.—Witness of full salvation.—Disease of the head . . .	25
---	----

CHAPTER III.

PAGE.

Letters from "The Evangelist." — From "Boston Recorder." — From "The Congregationalist." — Preaching at home. — Speaking in public. — Land of promise. — Taken violently sick. — Nigh unto death. — Partly recovered. — Joined the church. — Wasting away. — Wishing for home. — Gratitude to friends. — A dream. — Grace sufficient	34
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

Reviewing the past. — Many trials. — In the valley of humiliation. — Chariots of iron. — All things lawful. — Furnace of affliction. — Visits an infidel. — God fulfils his word. — Father's marriage. — New trial. — Anniversary. — Family altar. — Oasis in the desert. — Morning blessings. — Thirty-third birthday. — Sad state. — Exhortation	48
--	----

CHAPTER V.

Mrs. Lawrence's remarks. — Sunday letter-writing. — Extracts of letters. — Perfect trust. — The whole will of God. — Remarkable answers to prayer. — Walking and talking with God. — Gather the sheaves. — Ladies' description of Miss Smith. — A lesson to murmurers. — Pastor's remarks. — Always content	59
---	----

CHAPTER VI.

Letter from Mrs. Bullard. — Never a pauper. — Repairing the house. — One dollar per week. — Attending camp-meetings. — The infinite I AM. — Seventy letters in ten weeks. — One tenth to God. — Letter of sympathy. — Personal piety. — Trial of faith. — Holy triumph. — Mother fading	68
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE.

Gen. Lyon's death and burial. — Patriot's testimony. —	
Eternal, immutable truth. — Burning love. — Illumi-	
nated valley. — Dr. Lawrence. — Alone with Jesus. —	
Union with the Lord. — Would die for sinners. — Bap-	
tized in a cloud. — Longing after the divine image. —	
Happy, so happy. — Walking through the flames. —	
Trials. — Mother dies suddenly. — Grief swallowed up.	
— Record of sufferings. — More perfect lesson of trust.	
— Faith never disappointed. — Centenary offering. —	
Father's death. — Extracts from letters . . .	81

INTRODUCTION.

AT Willimantic Camp-Meeting (Conn.), in the year 1872, I met the subject of this sketch. She was lying upon her cot-bed in a small tent, and giving her experience in a very clear and decisive manner. God was with her in deed and in truth ; and the glory of God filled her soul till it shone upon her countenance, and the people loved to gather around and hear her tell of the mighty grace that had so perfectly filled her soul for so many years. She was then forty-eight years of age, and had lain upon her bed for thirty-eight years, and was as perfectly reconciled to her lot as though she was walking the streets of glory. I was delighted to see this manifestation of the grace of God and the real exemplification of the power of perfect love. It seemed to me as though God had taken special pains to polish this *jewel of grace*, and had put her in his show-case, and left her on earth to convince all others of his mighty power to save.

A correspondence was opened, and I secured a special interest in her prayers for me in the mighty work of an Evangelist, to which I was called ; and many times have I felt the power of her prayers, and have been comforted with her precious words of encouragement. I will give a few of her letters in the body of the book.

In the fall of 1873 I was called to assist in holding revival services in the town of Eastford ; and I found her prayers and counsels of great importance. She was often in an agony of soul for the salvation of her friends, and cried to God day and night for this object ; and it pleased God to open the windows of heaven, and to save some fifty souls in about eight days ; and quite a number of them were heads of families. Sister Lizzie was carried to the church on her bed, which was placed near the altar ; and she was always ready for prayer, praise, or testimony. The Methodist Church in Eastford was then under the care of Rev. J. W. Hunt, who was a zealous laborer in the cause of Christ.

At "the National Camp-Meeting for the Promotion of Holiness," held at Sterling, Mass., June 17-27, 1874, it occurred to me that her biography ought to be written, as she was in attendance upon this meeting and would testify so richly for Christ. There were a great many inquiries made about her, and I had never had time to make the inquiries of her. So the last night of the meeting

in the Oxford tent, I sat down at my table by her side, and asked her to relate her life and religious experience. Rev. J. S. Inskip was preaching that night; and he was so desperately in earnest that I could hear his voice ringing out the word of God, and then the mourners went forward for prayers, and there was a mighty "shout of a King in the Camp;" and souls were converted, and others sanctified that night,—still I wrote on. It may be well at this stage to say, that Sister Lizzie has a bedstead about four feet long and two feet wide, which is about three feet high; and on this she lies day and night, Sunday and week day, summer and winter, autumn and spring. She lies sweetly reposing in the sweet will of God, and her face often shines with the glory of God.

My design in this little book is to bring out the chief facts of her life and religious experience.

1. To magnify the grace of God, and to show the rest of the world that that grace is sufficient for any one who will trust in God.

2. To show how much one human being can suffer, and for how long a time.

3. To show how kind her friends have been to supply all her need.

4. And that Sister Smith may have the consolation that her life of unusual confinement and suffering has been the means, in the hand of God, of helping to extend his kingdom.

5. And to show also how much care (speaking

after the manner of men) God has taken to polish this precious jewel on earth, that it may shine the brighter in his diadem in heaven.

I have found it best to let Sister Smith speak in her own language mostly, that it might be her own testimony.

It is just to say that Mrs. Prof. Lawrence had purposed to write this book, and had collected materials for it, but could find no publisher ready to undertake the publishing thereof.

It seemed to me the work ought to be done; and I commenced it with faith in God that he would help me to lay this tribute at his feet, and would so bless the reading of this book to thousands, that I should have abundant recompense in heaven, if I had none on earth.

To interest and profit the reader at this point, I copy the following from "The Ipswich Bulletin:"—

"THE STORY OF A SUFFERER.—The caves of the Alps and the valleys of Piedmont hold the sacred dust of those who counted not their lives dear, so that they might win Christ. The catacombs of Rome tell the story of those who were victims of cruel persecution. The pavements of Smithfield cover the charred bones of men and women true to the faith; and the waves that dash upon Scotland's shore still murmur the triumphant words of Margaret, the Maiden Martyr.

"But not all martyrs burn at the stake. Some

will wear a martyr's crown, whose faith never caused a question. God even now deals blow on blow upon many a child, and one day will give them as sweet a recompense as if waters swallowed them, or flames devoured them.

"The story of some of these has been written. Chloe Sankton of Connecticut, Sarah Mugford of Salem, Miss Condon of New York, and others, have caused many to exclaim 'Can one live, and endure so much.'"

"We have recently heard of a living martyr whose story should excite the sympathy of all. In various places where it has been told, strangers have kindly extended a helping hand.

"The name of the sufferer is Lizzie O. Smith. Her house is in Eastford, Conn., the burial-place of our brave Gen. Lyon. She was left motherless in infancy, and during her girlhood lived in various families, doing household work. She wasted her strength by labor, and was dangerously ill. The harsh medicines given affected the entire frame. Her limbs became useless and distorted; her eyes nearly sightless; and, for many and many a year, she has been utterly helpless and dependent, and full of suffering.

"But her faith in God has been wonderful. It has attracted many to her poverty-stricken home.

"It is said that strangers shudder when they first see her distorted form in a little iron crib,

not larger than a child's cradle; but when she speaks of her heavenly Father, of the love and tenderness of the Saviour, it seems like listening to the words of angels."



HISTORY OF A MODERN MARTYR.

CHAPTER I.

“ A clod of living earth,
I glorify Thy name
From whom alone my birth
And all my blessings came :
Creating and preserving grace
Let all that is within me praise ! ”

MISS SMITH was born in Eastford, formerly a part of Ashford, Conn., Dec. 23, 1823. Her mother was a sister of Dr. Keys, the father of Gen. Keys, a commander in the Potomac Army. She was sister-in-law to Hon. Mr. Upham, formerly senator to Congress from Vermont.

The early life of Miss Smith was spent in the usual experiences of childhood. She appeared to enjoy perfect health, and was of a very sanguine temperament, and more active than children in general, and could hardly be kept still. She enjoyed and improved the privileges of a common-

school education, and took great interest in her studies, and was very apt to learn. .

When but four years of age her godly mother was taken to heaven, but not before she had planted much good seed in her young heart; her father was still living, but in the neglect of religion. After her mother's death the family was broken up, and the four children were scattered into different families. Lizzie was sent to live with a Baptist family in Westford. Then she went from family 'to family, wherever she was wanted, to do little chores for her board: all this was because the father was too poor to meet his family expenses. And thus her life passed on till she was a little more than eleven years of age, when she took a violent cold which settled in her left eye. A physician was called, who, according to the old school of medicine, administered calomel freely, and practised blood-letting. She recovered rapidly for a few days, when she took a new cold, and from that time she began to decline. The physician was called again, but his remedies were of no avail; for the calomel she had taken helped to develop the hereditary rheumatism and scrofula which was in her system. Now the disease began to settle into her limbs, and commenced in the right foot, which became much swollen and very sore; then it rose to her knee, and soon began to spread over the whole body, and the physician declared her case beyond his skill. He advised her to be

carried to Stafford Springs, to try the power of mineral water, as a last resort; but all this failed.

This fearful disease continued to spread rapidly from one limb to another, until March, 1836, when she was very sick and helpless, and wholly confined to her bed, having lost the use of nearly every joint in her system, and life was despaired of. Her sufferings were indeed intense in the extreme, far more than tongue or pen can describe; so that many of her friends supposed she must die. And about this time she began to yield all to the blessed Saviour, and realize a sweet sinking into the will of God. The Holy Spirit suggested to her mind in a very distinct manner this pointed question, —

“ Would you like to get well ? ”

Her heart immediately responded, “ Thy will be done, not mine.”

She had no choice between sickness or health, life or death. So far grace reigned, but she hid the light, and failed to confess Christ to her friends; and thereby lost the encouragement and counsel which a young disciple needs. And so she stumbled on in her religious experience, mostly in the dark. On this she says, “ Oh, how merciful is God! There’s no other God like our God, — so ready to forgive us all our heart-wanderings, so long-suffering and forbearing.”

She was at this time residing with her aunt, with whom she lived nearly four years, during

which she had several physicians; but human help failed. She hung between hope and fear, between life and death; but she had no fear of the results, being ready to go or to stay. Let us hear her own language.

“My dear aunt watched over me night and day, with the tenderness of a mother; may the Lord reward her for it! and he will. I said nothing to her of my feelings on the subject of religion. I have learned since that she had a hope of my salvation if death had come. About this time a voice spoke to me,—yea, the voice of God and asked again,—

“‘Would you like to get well?’

“My heart replied immediately, ‘Thy will, not mine, be done.’ I felt that I had no choice.

“My limbs had now become somewhat contracted and stiffened; and, as they did so, the inflammation abated. My health began to improve, but I was nearly blind in one eye. I could now feed myself with a knife and fork made expressly for me, and could also use my needle a little.

“My father, by this time, had spent all his little property, although the home of my birth still remained in his hands. This he rented to a family, and procured my board with them; consequently, in April, 1840, I was removed upon my bed to this place. Here, although the place was familiar to me, yet I was among strangers. But my dear father was nearer to me than formerly, so that he

could visit me every day, and my youngest brother resided near me.

“New friends soon began to gather about me, and many of them were professed followers of Christ; yet, I am sorry to say, the subject of personal piety was hardly ever introduced. Oh that Christians were more faithful in this respect! for while they were watering others, they might themselves also be watered. Yet the Lord preserved me; though, to my shame be it spoken, I neglected my private devotions; and, at times, not only ceased to remember the hand that supplied me with every blessing, but I also murmured at the dispensations of Providence: still he loved me, or I had been cut off. Praised be his holy name forever! for his loving-kindness and long-suffering toward me.

“After boarding for two years, my father, feeling the need of home influences in his declining years, concluded to go to housekeeping again. From this time I date the commencement of my greatest trials. Our means being limited, we were often without such female assistance as I thought we then needed; but what short-sighted creatures we are! How much more infinitely wise is our heavenly Father than we are! I can now see that I had just those things which it was best for me to have. I was naturally possessed of a very proud spirit, and an unyielding will, and a very sensitive nature. I was very well contented when

I could see all my father's wants supplied (for I loved him most ardently), and my own comforts well attended to. My heavenly Father saw where I needed mostly the rod applied, and he applied it, though with a loving hand; for while he smote with one hand he blessed with the other.

“He raised up many kind friends, and they ministered daily to my bodily comforts; for this I have ever felt grateful to them, and also to God, who put it into their hearts to remember me, so utterly unworthy of the least of God's mercies. Should these remarks ever reach their eyes, may they remember that their recording angel has written their kind acts in the book of remembrance, where it will remain forever.

“At that time I could view God in his character of love and mercy, but never in that of justice and holiness. Thus I remember to have lived on, sometimes sinning and then repenting, and at times filled with the love of God, and at others wondering that my wishes were not gratified. Thus was the Lord leading me on through the wilderness, to see whether I would keep his commandments or no; suffering me to hunger, and feeding me with the hidden manna, that I might know that ‘man was not to live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.’

“No clergyman visited me for many years. I had no spiritual adviser, yet that was no excuse for

my unfaithfulness ; for the Lord has promised to be nigh unto them that call upon him with grace sufficient for them.

“ My limbs continued to contract and become more rigid ; yet my general health had so far recovered as to enable me to go and visit my friends in the neighborhood, although I had to be carried on my bed. My jaws had become so set that it was with difficulty I could take my food. In the summer of 1850 some friends advised me to have my front teeth extracted, to make a passage for my food. I consented, and they were taken out.”

Mrs. Lawrence reflects as follows :—

“ Pause a few moments, dear reader, and reflect upon the parts that have been narrated with great brevity and simplicity of manner. Fourteen years of weary days and painful nights have been passed on that little cot, and in the most helpless condition imaginable ; unable to move a single limb, or turn herself on her bed, and suffering much of that time excruciating pain ; obliged to lie constantly upon her right side, and moved only as you would move a block, or any inanimate object : her joints all rigid, and even her jaws set, and as almost useless as though she never had any ; and so with every joint, except some of her fingers and one thumb, and all this at that period of life, when, of all others, there is the greatest desire for, and delight in, the use of the physical powers, name-

ly, between the years of eleven and twenty-five. And then remember that all this time this poor afflicted, helpless child has known no mother's sympathy and care, has felt no kind sister's soft hand of affection on her fevered temples; her lonely days and wearisome nights have never been cheered by the comforting words, and the numberless little deeds, which a mother's affection alone suggests, nor by the frequent kiss of a mother's love.

“And beside all this, the pinching hand of poverty has been upon her all this time, and she has lacked what many would call the necessities of life, and the attention of that help that money can procure and hold. Then she has been moved about from place to place, and endured hardships that none but God and herself can understand or tell.”

But we will return to her own narrative of her eventful life:—

“A few months after this I visited a family some six miles away, where I had resided before I was sick. While there, I had a new attack of the old disease, which deprived me still further of the use of my hands. I could neither sew nor feed myself, nor even hold my book to read. For about fourteen years I had taken opium to ease my pains, until it had become a habit so confirmed that I thought it impossible to overcome it.

“During this sickness my father employed a

botanical doctor : he did not, at first, advise me to leave off taking opium, as it would cause me so much suffering ; but being very anxious myself to do so, the doctor helped me what he could, and with the blessing of God I succeeded in overcoming the fearful habit.

“ Up to this time, in all my trials and privations, I had cherished a secret hope that I should some day recover my health, and the use of my limbs ; but all such hopes now vanished, and a dark cloud seemed to gather over my future prospects. Several of my dearly beloved relatives, that had comforted me in my lonely hours, were taken from me by the unrelenting hand of death. I often looked at the trembling hand of my father, and at the furrows which the hand of time was wearing in his cheeks, and at his silver locks, and then I would think I shall soon be left an orphan, helpless and friendless, with none to care for me. Oh, how my heart would sink within me at the thought ! None can tell the thrill of anguish that swept through my soul at such moments ; and none but God can know what my feelings were at such times, unless by sad experience, from which may a kind Providence protect you, dear reader ! Oh, unbelief ! thou most heinous of sins, what misery dost thou inflict on such as entertain thee. The good Lord saw that I needed chastisement, and he applied the scourge he had so often used before : but my heart rebelled against it, and —

“ ‘Against the God that rules the skies
I fought with hands uplifted high,
Defied the offer of his grace,
Too proud to seek a hiding-place.’

“ I was often angry at the rod, and looked not beyond to see the loving hand that bore it. Yet the Lord did not utterly consume nor forsake me, for he is a gracious God and merciful.

“ For about one year I remained so helpless as to be unable to even feed myself at all, and I had lost the sight of one eye completely. Yet the Lord was very merciful to me, in so far restoring the use of my hands, as to enable me to feed myself again by the aid of a knife and fork, made expressly for me, long enough to reach from the position of my hands on my stomach to my mouth ; and also to play a little on my seraphine, a small instrument that my cousin had fitted for my use.”



CHAPTER II.

“Though in affliction’s furnace tried,
Unhurt, on snares and death I’ll tread :
Though sin assail, and hell thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses’ bush, I’ll mount the higher,
And flourish unconsumed by fire.”

“ABOUT this time I met with another trial. The pastor of the Congregational Church, who had often visited me, and showed himself a true friend, was called to another field of labor, and I deeply felt the need of his visits and counsels. During these years of confinement I suffered many afflictions, besides those that affected my limbs. I had a sore on my back which never healed for almost three years, and did not for many years after, unless it was for short periods.

“The winter of 1853 was one of intense suffering. I had an attack of the spinal complaint, which affected my whole system. Sleep departed from my eyes, for days and nights in succession, almost entirely. I sometimes thought I should never sleep again, till I slept the sleep of death. My father and I were alone much of the time ; he did for me

what he could : but oh, how much I felt the need of a mother's gentle nursing, or a sister's tender care ! But God, in his infinite wisdom, saw fit to deny me those blessings.

“In the spring of 1853 I began to reflect seriously upon my ways, and asked myself these questions, —

“ ‘Can I be a Christian, and live as I do? Did Christ ever set such an example as I am setting to those around me? Did ever such passions as often rise in my heart dwell in his bosom of love?’ My conscience could only answer, ‘No.’

“I resolved to make one more effort to overcome my besetting sins, which were many, and once more I asked the Lord to help me. But, alas ! I soon neglected to ask him for that grace that I so much needed. Now the adversary of my soul was ready to tempt me to give up my hope in Jesus. And alas ! that I was too ready to obey him. He said, ‘It is of no use for you to try any longer to profess to be a Christian.’ This I had never done publicly by uniting with any church, yet I had often done so to individuals. When I was asked to join a church I said, ‘I could not do so, for I should be a stumbling-block to others, as I felt some had been to me.’ So, instead of following my Lord's commands, to confess him before the world, and ask and believe for grace sufficient for me, I neglected a plain and an important duty, cherished my unbelief, and lost

the privilege of being enclosed in the fold and fellowship of the church, and of having an under shepherd, to lead and guide me into the green pastures and beside the still waters. 'Ye are a stiff-necked and rebellious people,' God said to the Israelites; and I felt that it may well be applied to me.

"Since I first believed, I had at times enjoyed much, not only of the comfort of love, but great joy; but now dark clouds gathered about my brow, a darkness that was *felt* most keenly. Oh, wretched indeed was my condition! I had no hope in this world, nor in that which is to come. Tears were now my meat and drink day and night. Yes, in the language of Jeremiah, 'I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping.'

"A beloved cousin entering my room one day, unexpectedly found me weeping, when he said to me, 'Dry those tears; be not discouraged; it is always the darkest just before day;' but I heard as one that understood not.

"None but God knew the anguish of my heart; for I hid my sorrows from others, and tried to be cheerful in the presence of my friends, lest they, too, should forsake me. I often wished for death; and the enemy would sometimes suggest the idea of self-destruction. That was too horrid to be entertained for a moment; but, if death would only come in some other way, I felt

that those I loved would be relieved of a heavy burden, and I should be released from a miserable existence. I shudder now, when I think how near I stood to the brink of everlasting woe. In this awful state of mind I continued for about a year: I had now come to the bitter waters of Marah, and I *could not* drink them.

“I began to pray to have my trials removed in some way, I cared not how; but they still remained, and the rod grew heavier still. I felt the smart, but yielded not. Oh the adorable mercy and love of God, which spared me, and did not cut me off in the midst of my sins and rebellion against him, but still chastened me, till I began to cry for mercy in good earnest! Yes, at last I yielded, my stubborn will was subdued, and I cried out, ‘Lord, if thou canst not remove my burdens from me, give me grace to bear them.’

“Now my prayer was heard and answered. His word was fulfilled which says, ‘A broken and a contrite spirit thou wilt not despise.’ *Hope* again revived; *light* began to shine upon my pathway, though but feebly, like the dawn of the morning. I was so humbled that I felt willing to do any thing, or to be any thing, if I might but have the approving smile of God. I felt that I could not stop short of knowing in whom I have believed. I was led by the Spirit to ask for the assurance, which I believed to be the privilege of every Christian; and God gave it.

“Near to this time, July, 1854, a cousin handed me a book, saying, ‘It is interesting, and the tone of its morals good.’ Some of the characters represented were dressed in the garb of religion, as novels frequently are. After she was gone, it was suggested to my mind, ‘This book is not what you need: something different will be more profitable for you.’ Yet I commenced reading it; but the voice continued speaking louder and louder to my conscience. I soon laid it aside, when I began to reason thus, ‘I have read such books many times, and do not know that they were injurious to me.’ The voice said, ‘Something else would be more profitable for you.’ The enemy suggested, ‘What can you say if your cousin asks you how you like the book? are you willing to injure her feelings by telling her that you have not read it?’ But I realized that I must choose which of the two I would offend, God or man. I choose to make God my friend. The book was laid aside, never to be opened again by me; and I was blessed in so doing.

“Crosses one after another arose, which I continued to take up daily, and I always found it a blessing to do so. The law now became my schoolmaster, and ruled me with an iron sceptre. I scarcely dared to speak or think, lest I should sin against the law. Sometimes I feared to ask for the things necessary for my comfort, lest I should gratify the lusts of the flesh. I was afraid

to eat those kinds of food which had been my favorites in times past. I continued in this state of mind till my body was brought into complete subjection.

“ My health was somewhat improved ; though at times my back was troublesome, so that it caused severe pain to be moved, or to have people step heavily upon the floor of my room. My limbs grew more and more rigid and contracted ; but my soul thirsted more ardently than ever for the living God, so that my language was ‘ As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God ! ’ I now made a new and full consecration of myself to God, and resolved that flesh and blood should not prevent me from doing any and every thing that I saw to be the will of God.

“ On Thanksgiving Day I felt it to be my duty to speak to my dearest earthly friend on the subject of religion, but the cross was very heavy to bear. I looked at the cross and wept much ere I could take it up ; but I had put my hand to the plough, and could I now look back ? I had promised to leave all for Christ. I prayed for strength, and went forward in the path of duty. After having done my duty, peace flowed into my soul like a river. Still I continued praying for an assurance until sabbath morning, when, for the first time, I could cry in the spirit and blessedness of Scripture, ‘ Abba, Father ! ’ for his Spirit witnessed with my

spirit that I was born of God. Oh joy unspeakable! that filled my poor heart. This was on a Thanksgiving Day, when I was so sick that I could only eat a cracker; yet was so filled with thankfulness, that it seemed the most delicious meal of my life. I now grasped the mighty fact that the Spirit had already sealed me as his own precious child.

“Up to this time I had never been instructed about the ‘higher life’ of Christian experience, neither had I joined any church, although I was then thirty years of age. Without human instrumentality I was led by the ever-blessed Spirit to seek the blessing of perfect love, and as one passage of Scripture after another was presented to my mind, I would ask God to fulfil those several passages in my experience without any definite idea of what I was praying for, or how or when I should receive what I asked. So I was led from step to step. My duty now became quite plain that I must join a church; and I felt that I ought to join the Methodist Church. I reached this conclusion after carefully considering that as holiness was the plain doctrine of the Bible, and was the central idea of the Methodist Church, therefore I wanted to join that church. In two days after this decision, the Rev. D. Dorchester, a Methodist minister, now a Presiding Elder in the New-England Conference, called upon me, and I told him my experience, but not of my decision. He

then asked me if I belonged to any church. I said 'No.'

"But he was so satisfied with my experience, that he took my name at once on the class-paper, and made arrangements for my baptism. I was baptized the very next sabbath; and of course, as I could not leave my bed, I was baptized in my own house as I lay upon my bed. I had been so exceedingly happy at the thought of being baptized, that I realized no great blessing at the time; but afterward the blessings were so poured into my soul, that I realized in some measure the joy that there was in heaven over the mighty salvation that was now my own. And it was manifest to my soul that I had joined the family of God, which was but one family in earth or heaven. I was so exceedingly happy, that it seemed as though I could hear the very angels of heaven singing in glory.

"The next day I was carried to see a friend; and I felt greatly interested for the salvation of the church, that it should come up to its highest privilege, and I was still hungering in my own soul, and asking great things of my heavenly Father. Early one morning I was amazed at the greatness of the petitions I had asked; and God said to me, 'Do you believe that I am able to do those great things that you have asked?'

"At once my faith took a mighty leap, and I cried out, 'Yes, Lord.'

“At that moment my heart was laid open to my gaze, as though it had been a book; and I saw plainly the roots of inbred sin, and they so fully covered my heart that it looked black all over. I saw then that my unbelief was the prominent one: when I saw this, I cried out, ‘Lord, take it away, and give me thy righteousness.’

“At that moment the fire from heaven came down; and my sins seemed to arise like a cloud, one by one, till this fire consumed the whole, and I was conscious that all these sins were entirely removed, and my heart was pure in the sight of God.

“This was a new era indeed in my history, by which I was brought into glorious harmony with God; and now I could rejoice even more, pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks.

“Then I could realize the sentiment of the poet:—

“‘I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
While over its waves, to my spirit,
Comes peace like a heavenly dove.

The cross now covers my sins;
The past is under the blood:
I am trusting in Jesus for all;
My will is the will of my God.’ ”

CHAPTER III.

“When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith his promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head :
Fearless their violence I dare ;
They cannot harm, for God is there.”

It may be well to look at our dear Sister Smith in the light of other's eyes ; so I copy from “ The Evangelist.”

LITTLE BROWN HOUSE ON THE HILL-SIDE.

BY META LANDER.

On a sunny slope in Eastford, Conn., is the last resting-place of the heroic Lyon, one of our earliest martyrs in the late fearful rebellion.

“Rest, patriot, on thy hill-side grave;
Beside her form who bore thee!
Long may the land thou diedst to save
Her bannered stars wave o'er thee!”

Just below this sacred shrine is a small brown house, fast going to decay. Enter it, and you will find a peculiar sufferer, on a little iron bedstead no

longer than a child's crib. There she lies, drawn up, twisted, and stiffened, blind of one eye, her jaws nearly set, and entirely helpless, except as she can slightly move her hands and arms. And there she has lain, day after day, week after week, month after month, for more than thirty years.

Your first feeling is one of most painful oppression. And you ask yourself again and again, "How is it *possible* for human nature to endure such a living martyrdom?" Then you question this life-long sufferer, and she tells you that He who is infinite in love has fully redeemed his pledge, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Like Chloe Lankton, whose case is so well known, Lizzie Smith, having passed through many deep waters, and struggled with, and well nigh been swallowed up by, the buffeting waves, has at length attained that perfect peace which comes from a will in entire harmony with the Divine will. So that after your first impression of gloom, you soon begin to note the cheerful countenance of the Lord's stricken one, and perceive how it brightens the bare walls of that little sick-room. And your heart overflows with gratitude to him who thus giveth his sweetest songs in the deepest night.

After our delightful interview with Lizzie Smith, she writes, through an amanuensis: "You ask if I am willing that God's goodness should be published abroad. I answer, Yes, indeed, even to the

uttermost bounds of the earth, if it would lead one poor, doubting soul to that faith in Christ which is a Christian's privilege, or one poor sinner to that fountain which has been opened in the house of David for all uncleanness. Language often fails me when I try to express what my beloved Lord and Master has done for me, his erring child."

Afterwards, when little sums were sent to her by some who had just become acquainted with her case, she writes, "You cannot imagine how surprised I have been on receiving letters containing money. I know not how to express my gratitude in any thing like what this kindness demands."

A GREAT SUFFERER.

Our readers will recollect an account in our columns in February last, from the pen of Mrs. Prof. E. A. Lawrence, of Elizabeth Orcella Smith, a deformed invalid living at Eastford, Conn., whose sufferings and Christian patience for thirty years past have been quite remarkable. Mrs. Lawrence has since received from her a letter which shows that the appeal was not wholly in vain. She writes, —

"You cannot imagine how surprised I was on receiving from the post-office three letters in one day, all containing money. And another day I received two more. I know not how to express my

gratitude in any thing like what this kindness demands. God has been very tenderly blessing me both temporarily and spiritually. He blesses me as language utterly fails me to express."

All those who have ministered to the necessities of this saint would feel amply rewarded could they know how worthily their kindness has been bestowed, and how warmly it is appreciated.

LITTLE BROWN HOUSE.

The kind and generous response to the plea in behalf of Lizzie Smith has awakened most grateful emotions; nor can the sufferer rest till her warmest acknowledgments have been expressed to all those Christian friends who have remembered her in the day of trouble. Through an amanuensis, she writes, —

"I want them all to know how much their benefactions will add to my comfort in my helpless condition. I would love to tell them of the consolations of that grace which has buoyed my soul above the sorrows of earth, and enabled me to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory. I have no language to convey to others what the love and goodness of God's provident care of me merits. I do feel that all these added blessings bind me with stronger cords to the service of Him whom my soul loveth. Oh! it is good to be the Lord's wholly, for time and for eternity!"

It would seem to the careful observer, that God has indeed set one thing opposite to another: pain and pleasure, joy and sorrow, sickness and health, day and night, summer and winter, and poverty and wealth. And it would seem as though God appoints some persons to suffer intensely and for a long time, and in poverty, as with the subject of this narrative, that others may have the pleasure of relieving those pains and poverty, and that they may be rewarded for the same, by God and man. As an illustration read the following from "The Congregationalist."

LIZZIE O. SMITH.

Those who remember the case of this remarkable sufferer as it has been presented in "The Congregationalist," and who have kindly contributed to her relief, will not be unwilling to hear from her again; while others may be interested to know something about her.

Bedridden for more than thirty years, drawn up so that she lies upon a child's crib, blind of one eye, entirely helpless except as she can move her hands a *very* little, and at the same time dependent on Christian friends for most of the comforts, if not necessities of life; yet her trust in God is unwavering, and her peace is like a river. So that, although emphatically one of the Lord's poor, she is yet rich beyond ordinary believers.

To illustrate the proverb that "it is an ill wind

that blows nobody good," or rather to show how true it is that all things work together for the good of such loving disciples, the writer would state, that, on her way to Philadelphia last spring, her pocket was picked, and, with other money, of a sum sent to her for Miss Smith. In relating the robbery, she was naturally led to speak of this sufferer, and of the sum intended for her use, which awakened inquiry, and suggested sending for the published account. This, passing among a few friends in the city of brotherly love and elsewhere, created a *substantial interest*, of which the following extracts are an acknowledgment.

"Yesterday morning, while pleading for material and spiritual supplies, this passage came to mind, 'And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear.' When your note came, I felt that God's word was verified."

On learning afterwards the amount that had been contributed, she again wrote, —

"I hardly know how to express the surprise and gratitude that pervaded my soul as I perused your letter. Although I had been believingly asking my heavenly Father for large things of late, yet when they came, and so soon, and in such a body, I was awe-struck at the goodness and condescension of God. And how shall I ever sufficiently manifest my gratitude to you, and to those who have united with you, in procuring that aid

which will add so much to my comfort, and I trust to my usefulness. Oh, my dear friend! I can never do it; but there is One who stands as my surety, and He has said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me.' And the promise is 'Verily thou shalt not lose thy reward.' May God reward you all a thousand fold!"

In a recent letter Miss Smith says, —

"I am using some of my money to fit up our house so that it will afford us a dry shelter. It has been rapidly going to decay for some years, and my aged father has yearly been growing less able to repair the ravages of time. I have thought much about the matter, and how the means could be procured for the necessary repairs, but could see no way until by the provident care of God, through your instrumentality, the material aid has been rendered to accomplish the work in part."

Of her religious experience a friend writes as follows: —

"At the time we saw her, she was experiencing that peculiar peace which flows from an entire consecration to Christ.

"Like the generality of Christians, Elizabeth passed many years alternating between fevers and chills, — sometimes on the mount, and sometimes low in the valley. 'As long as I looked to God for aid,' she said, 'so long I succeeded in my endeavors. But I had not yet learned that I must

live, moment by moment, a life of faith in the Son of God. . . . As I advanced, step by step, the Lord enabled me more and more to see what I needed, and what it is my privilege to have. I could not stop upon the ground where I had formerly stood. I must know that God was mine and I was his. I must have the Urim and Thummim placed upon my heart.'

"Thus she was led to that fresh and full consecration, which brought her entire peace. She compares her past and present states to two modes of travelling on the sea — sailing-vessels and steamers. 'The one,' she says, 'has to go according to the winds; the other, having the propelling power within, however contrary the winds may be, can go forward in spite of them all.'

"Soon after she came into this state her strength declined, and she was brought near the invisible world. She was happy in the thought of going home, for the sting of death had been removed."

Our dear Sister Smith was but a babe in holiness after she experienced the blessing of perfect love. Hence she had many battles with the powers of darkness, and was tossed about from time to time. She says, "I had never heard but little of the blessing of holiness of heart, as but few of my acquaintances ever professed it; but there was a Miss C., one of my former school-mates, who had found this pearl of great price,

room in which I was lying, and through another room, and out of doors. It was not dark, yet neither sun, moon, nor stars were visible. I began immediately to descend a steep hill. The bier had now disappeared; and I was held by two giant-like hands around me, which hurried me on with an indescribable speed toward a tomb, which I could see enshrouded in a gloomy mist just before me, a little to the right of the path, near which was a body of water directly in front of me. I struggled hard to extricate myself from their death-like grasp. As I drew near the tomb the hands were gone, and I was borne directly past it; now I expected to be cast into the water, but, instead of this, I turned a short angle between the water and the tomb.

“By this time I was in a standing posture, when all at once the sun arose above me with beams so bright and powerful, that they pierced all through my whole body, and the glory of it was so great that I instantly awoke.

“I had a somewhat similar dream before my former sickness, in which I was hurried along through a covered passage-way, and left in a filthy room, which seem to be realized in the gloomy state in which I was afterwards. I began to recover. I then attributed it to nervousness, induced by my extreme debility: but now I see that it was my own fault, for God has grace sufficient for us in every time of trouble, if we but

of us, and we parted, perhaps never to meet again.

“Soon after this I was called to visit a Congregational family ; and they had a religious meeting appointed at the same time, and my mind was much exercised as to the propriety of females taking a part in such meetings. I had inquired of the Lord in reference to my duty in this case. I knew it was not according to their custom for females to take any part. I was somewhat troubled, but I left it with the Lord, and very unexpectedly I was called upon to speak ; and God gave me much liberty to talk on the subject of holiness, but how much to the edification of others I do not know.

“I continued to enjoy more and more of the divine presence, till I could truly say, ‘The land of promise was one of hills and vales, flowing with milk and honey.’ There were a few sisters who often assembled in my room to hold prayer-meetings, and these were seasons of great interest to me.

“Early in the spring I felt that death was near : my health began gradually to fail. I suffered but little pain ; but I felt that my strength was failing. I began to set my house in order, so that in all things, temporal as well as spiritual, I might be ready. On the afternoon of July 13 I was taken violently sick ; doctors and friends were sent for, and death seemed to be fast approaching ; my

father and Sister B. watched over me with unwearied care, during that night of intense suffering. The morning found me somewhat relieved, but I suffered most excruciating pains: a tumor broke internally, after which I was comfortable for a while.

“Soon after this our minister proposed, if I lived till the third sabbath in August, to come and administer the sacrament, and receive me into full membership in the church. He did come, and the presiding elder came with him; and it was a time of refreshing to my soul. I knew now the blessedness of having an almighty arm to lean upon, when an arm of flesh could do but little. I had now no anxiety about any thing, except it was to leave my father with no one to care for him in his declining years: here unbelief crept in, *that stealthy foe*, although I did not see it then. Soon after this my health began to decline again very fast, and in about two weeks another tumor broke externally: this reduced my strength more than ever. I was so low that my friends were called to see me die; indeed, at one time life seemed to be extinct: I lost all sensation of pain and almost of feeling; my breath was apparently gone. I continued hovering between life and death for several weeks: then I began slowly to recover, though it was weeks before I regained my usual sensitiveness. I felt much disappointed in not being permitted to go to my home above.

I could hardly say, ‘Thy will be done.’ Then would come over my soul such feelings of homesickness, as may be better imagined than described.

“The adversary took advantage of these feelings, and sorely tried me. For a while the eye of faith was dim with doubts and fears; but I was soon enabled to lay my all again on the altar that sanctifieth the gift; and the Lord healed my backslidings, and again lifted upon me the light of his countenance, and I could again say, ‘He doeth all things well.’

“I would here render a tribute of gratitude to those friends that contributed so much to my comfort with both money and personal attention; and I would not forget a Mr. G. of New York, a wealthy man, who till now had been a stranger, who had come into the country to spend the summer, and, hearing of my situation, often visited me, and spared no expense in rendering me such aid as I needed, and which he delighted to afford. May the Lord bless him abundantly, and all the others who were so faithful and kind in my sorest trials! I believe he will do it; for, often in answer to my poor prayers in their behalf, God has spoken these words with power to my heart, *‘I will bless them that bless thee.’*

“Late in the autumn I had a dream that left a deep impression on my heart. I was taken on a bier, and carried by an invisible hand from the

and had spoken to me upon the subject ; but to me it was a hidden mystery. So, as many others have done, I cast away the blessing by my unbelief, because I thought it was for others ; but it was not for me. But I have learned better than to believe the enemy's suggestions.

“ Bro. Dorchester held a meeting at our house ; and his text was Ps. xl : 1-3, ‘ I waited patiently for the Lord ; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God : many shall see it, and fear, and shall trust in the Lord.’ This was peculiarly appropriate to me ; for indeed my walls were salvation, and my gates praise. After the preaching he had a class-meeting, which I enjoyed very much. My health remained much the same during the winter. In the spring Bro. Dorchester held another meeting at our house, and preached from Heb. xii. 1-3. ‘ Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith ; who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame,’ &c. I was much encouraged and strengthened by his discourse. Soon after this he and his wife took their leave

ask for it in faith; and I neglected this plain duty; but, as soon as I was ready to perform my part of the covenant, he met me, and I found his grace every way sufficient for me."



CHAPTER IV.

“To Him my eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,—
The lambent flames around me play;
I own His power, adopt His sign,
And shout to prove the Saviour mine.”

“ONE year had now passed since I took upon myself the vow to be wholly the Lord’s. Through what varied and trying scenes had I passed in that time! yet I was not alone, for—

“‘When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Had gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, oh how good!’

“In reviewing his past mercies and loving kindness, I felt ready to consecrate myself anew to his service, saying in the language of the poet:—

“‘Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.’

“And, depending solely on the grace of God for strength, I resolved so to live as to let my light shine before others, that they might see my good works, and be led to glorify God. I was determined ‘to press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.’

“‘Let worldly minds the world pursue,
 . It has no charms for me :
Once I admired its trifles too,
 But grace has set me free.’

“‘*One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.*’ For, ‘In Thy presence there is fulness of joy, and at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore.’

“This winter was one of many trials, both of body and mind. Much of the time my father was my only nurse. I often walked in the valley of humiliation, seeing my own utter nothingness, but having exalted views of the all-sufficiency of God’s grace. I had often asked the Lord to give me a tender conscience, which I now realized; and the adversary of my soul, in such seasons of humiliation, took advantage of this by applying the law in all its strictness, leading me into errors

by blinding my mind to the fact that I was not under the law, but under grace. I often felt that like Judah, the inhabitants of the mountains were driven out, but those of the valley had chariots of iron, and I could not drive them out: but the grace of God was sufficient for me, and enabled me to realize the fulfilment of his promise, 'Thou shalt drive out the Canaanites, though they have iron chariots, and though they be strong.' I triumphed at last; and I was enabled to say with the apostle, 'All things are lawful unto me, but all things are not expedient: all things are lawful for me, but I will not be brought under the power of any.' God forbid that I should sin against his grace and mercy. There I would set a landmark, that all who pass this way may see it, and shun the rock on which I was in peril for a time.

"The spring season found my health much improved, but trials still awaited me, for truly he hath chosen me in the furnace of affliction; but blessed be the name of the Lord in the midst of them all. I could hear the gentle voice of my Saviour saying, 'Fear not, it is I; be not afraid, for these trials of your faith are more precious than of gold, though it be tried in the fire,' and 'these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'

"Thus faith triumphed over all. Though the

fiery billows rolled around me, they touched me not. I would strike a high note of praise to my Redeemer in the midst of them all.

“I was often left alone, as my father was obliged to be out to attend to his duties ; at such times he was accustomed to tell me if he was to be away any length of time. But at one time he went out just at sunset, expecting soon to return ; but being detained, I was in great distress, thinking something must have befallen him ; and then a heavy shower with thunder and lightning set in, and the doors and windows were all open, and I could only call aloud for help, with little prospect of raising any. I lifted my heart to God in prayer, pleading my helpless condition, and claiming the promise of my heavenly Father, that ‘I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.’ I was then calm and collected in my feelings, and after some length of time my father returned in safety. These were useful lessons to me. I learned the safety of trusting in the promised faithfulness of my Lord and Master, and then to be able to see love inscribed on every trial, — this is happiness indeed to me ; yes, it is such happiness as the world cannot give, to know that the Almighty God of love is our stronghold, where we can flee for refuge, and find safety in every time of trouble.

“In October I was invited to visit the family of Mr. B., where I had visited in years past. I had some doubts and fears about going, as Mr. B. was

an avowed infidel. But I carried the matter to the mercy seat, and inquired of the Lord. Then I thought of the Saviour's mission to this earth, — was it not to save sinners? and is it not enough for the disciple to be as his Lord? I decided at once to go: afterwards I felt very thankful to God who led me to this decision, as I learned that his children were looking to see what I would do, anticipating that I should decline the invitation, on the ground that I was a Christain, and therefore could not visit a poor infidel.

“ Oh, that I and every professor of the religion of the Saviour might ever remember that the eyes of the world are upon us! I went not like Paul to Ephesus to fight, but as a passive instrument in the hand of God, to show forth the power of that religion which is love. The Lord was there before me, and the mouth of the lion was shut. I enjoyed myself well, as I always do when in the path of duty. This family have shown me much kindness in times of trouble, when a friend is a friend indeed. May the good Lord bless them and reward them abundantly for it! and I hope we may yet meet to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. This circumstance taught me never to shun the erring, but to do all in my power to win them to Christ, to lead them to love the same Lord and Saviour who has done so much for me; for truly, ‘ This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the

world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' My worldly prospects began to brighten in some respects. A woman we had expected to come and live with us in the spring, and then had decided not to do so, now, very unexpectedly to us, concluded to come. I had been very anxious that she should come, so that my father might be more at liberty, as he depended on his daily labor for our support. In this lesson I saw the truth of that Scripture which saith, 'Commit thy ways unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass.' I felt renewed confidence to trust all in His hands, and say, —

“All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree, —
Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of triumph and of grief,
Times of trial and relief.’

“Again he shows me his faithfulness in his promises when he says, ‘He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer.’ And again, ‘The needy shall not always be forgotten.’ I had often laid my case before my heavenly Father, telling him how much I needed some one to fill the place of a mother: and he has, in his good time, seen fit to grant my desire; for, on the 14th of December, my father was united in marriage to Mrs. C., the lady mentioned above.

My feelings at that time were indescribable. I was about to pronounce the sacred name of mother, which I had never done within my recollection, my own dear mother having died in my childhood. I realized my position as a step-daughter, and how much of the happiness of the family depended on me. I felt the necessity of winning her love, and doing right myself, being assured if I did all would be well; for I have full confidence in God, that if I do my duty he will be with me, and I have not the least fear of being harmed, for 'he that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.'

"But the fountain of my heart was broken up, when I saw my father stand before God, and promise to leave all and cleave unto his wife. Up to this time no one had stood between my father and me, and I could go to him with my troubles; but now he was betrothed to another, and a sense of loneliness came over me not easily described. I flew to the mercy-seat as a bird to her mountain; and I found relief in prayer, and in prayer and praise I spent most of the night.

"'Prayer makes the darkened cloud withdraw;
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.'

"Jan. 1, 1857. Another year has fled: again my mind turns back, and reviews the past scenes

through which I have been brought. What mercy and love hath the Lord shown me during the last year! Oh, what shall I render unto my adorable Lord for all his benefits to me! how many changes have taken place! how many dear friends have passed away in that time! Solemn thought! Oh, may we ever keep eternity in view, and remember our days are but a span! One year ago how dark my prospects! but God has seen fit in his providence to smile upon me, and give me a mother to watch over me, and assist my father in taking care of me in my helpless condition; and, what is best of all, she is one who fears God, and she has helped to rear the family altar in our humble dwelling; and now we hear the words which he speaks to all that trust in him with all their hearts saying, '*They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and thou shalt make them to drink of the river of thy pleasures.*' Again I renewed my covenant vows, willing to do or suffer the will of God: only desiring that his whole will might be accomplished in me: for I would withhold nothing from him who hath done so much for me.

"In February I received a visit from a Baptist lady, L. W., whom I had met once before, and in whom I found a kindred spirit. A meeting with such a friend is like an oasis in the desert, where we may rest and refresh ourselves while on our pilgrimage to the celestial city. She has been

greatly afflicted; but the rod has budded and blossomed, and bears fruit to the glory of God.

“I awoke one morning in February, and these words of the Psalmist were sweetly applied to my heart, ‘Though ye have lien among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold.’ This assurance of my Lord gave much joy; and I felt to consecrate myself more willingly than ever to his service, and to say with a willing heart, Let me receive the stripes, if others may but taste of thy loving kindness with me.

“I am now thirty-three years of age: my limbs are so contracted, that I lie upon a bed four feet long and two feet in width, from which I have not been moved, except in the arms of another, for twenty-one years. I can see only with one eye, my jaws are firmly set, and my hands are rigidly fixed twelve inches from my head, to which I have not raised them for twenty-seven years but once, and that some eighteen years since in a paroxysm of distress, and unconsciously. I have lain upon my right side for thirty years, and am utterly unable to move myself from the position in which I am placed; and my whole system is so rigidly stiffened, that a strong person can raise me to my feet without bending me, by putting their hands under my head and lifting me up.

“I can use my hands sufficiently to be able to

feed myself with a knife and fork some thirteen inches long, made expressly for me, when my food is cut up and placed on a plate before me; and with the help of some machinery, which has been kindly prepared for me by some friends, I can manage to hold a book to read; and I look upon my hands, crippled as they are, as evidence of God's love to me, for truly *

*'God is love: I know, I feel,
He afflicts, but loves me still.'*

“I have now given a brief and imperfect sketch of my life, temporally and spiritually; but I deeply feel that my words can but faintly describe what intense sufferings I have endured in body and mind, or what I have enjoyed in favor and loving kindness of my God. I can truly say, ‘That however much we suffer in the flesh, there is a blessing that maketh rich and addeth no sorrow.’ Permit me, a humble individual, to address a word to such as are walking in the broad roads that lead to destruction. I would entreat them to turn and seek the Lord while he may be found, and call upon him while he is near; before the evil days come, when they shall say I have no pleasure in them. Come, dear friends, and claim his promise when he says, ‘Ye shall seek me and

* At this writing she is fifty years of age, and has been upon her bed thirty-eight years.—ED.

find me, when ye shall *search* for me with *all your heart.*'

"And to the justified who are walking in the strait and narrow way, I would say, 'Call on the Lord and he will answer you, and show you great and mighty things which thou knowest not;' but when thou knowest them, I know you will join with me in saying with the Queen of Sheba, 'the half had not been told me.' Oh! let us go on unto perfection: there is a blessed fulness in Christ Jesus."



CHAPTER V.

“Thy every suffering servant, Lord,
Shall as his perfect Master be ;
To all thy inward life restored,
And outwardly conformed to thee.
Out of the graves the saints shall rise,
And grasp through death the glorious prize.”

To the foregoing narrative we will append a few extracts from her letters, mostly written since this part of the narrative was closed, together with one or two others.

All her writing is done by the hand of another, and mostly by the kindness of young ladies who often visit her, both professors and unconverted persons : for such is the charm of her cheerful loving spirit, that the young ladies and misses of the neighborhood seem to take great delight in calling and spending a little while on their way, to and from school, and at other times, with Lizzie, as they familiarly call her ; and they not only bring her many little presents of flowers, &c., but often stop when passing her little cottage home, and sing some of her favorite hymns and sweet songs. Often in the silence of night their sweet voices

break on the ear of their afflicted but happy friend, as the angels of mercy. These young friends have not only written this narrative, but they write her letters of correspondence and friendship; their only reward being an interest in the prayers and sympathies of the object of their kindness. At one time she relates that she was brought into a very strait place by one of these young friends, with the utmost kindness and good-will, offering to come and write for her on the *sabbath*. This, she says, they had often done; and "I had not thought I was doing wrong, or violating the sabbath in so doing. But now I saw that it was not only a sin for me to use the Lord's Day for my own purposes, but that I was taking others from the only appropriate duties of the sabbath, namely, such as appertained to their spiritual interests, and by the use of which those interests might be promoted. As soon as I saw it in its true light, I determined to cease from it at once; but I was in great trouble as to how I should communicate this decision to my friend who had promised to come the next sabbath. At first I tried to find some excuse to make to her for not writing (so as to shun the cross), but I found no rest of mind till I told her the true reason. I remembered that Christ had said, 'He that is not willing to take up his cross and follow me is not worthy of me.' Although the enemy often suggested to me, that, as I was unable to write myself, if I

did not let them do it on the sabbath, very likely I should be unable to get any one to write for me. But thanks be unto God, who enabled me to resolve, that, if I could write on no other day but the sabbath, I would not write at all, except strictly religious letters; and these I do not think it wrong to write on that day.

“This resolution, made in the strength of Christ, has never been broken; and the Lord has always provided for me, so that I have always had some one to write for me when I needed, and I am confident I always shall. I believe it is always the safe course to do right, to honor God, and keep his law.”

Let those who have hands of their own to use, follow this worthy example.

The following paragraph is extracted from a letter written to her uncle in 1855:—

“DEAR UNCLE, — I wish to tell you something about myself, and what the Lord has done for me. You know that I have long felt that I had some hopes of heaven; but those hopes were wandering and unstable, oftentimes blown about by the wind of circumstances. Two years ago, owing to an overwhelming weight of domestic trials, the little light I had went out, and all was utter darkness. I could not see my Father’s hand which held the rod; and often, in my despair, I wished for death. But oh how little I knew what I was desiring!

Had I been taken at my word, where would my poor soul have been? It humbles me to think of it! Oh, the goodness and mercy, the long-suffering and forbearance, of God! Thus I lived, fighting against his will, daring to raise my feeble arm against his almighty power; yet he withheld not the chastening rod, for he loved me still, sinful and sinning as I was. At last I felt that none but God could help me. I began to cry unto him to remove the cup of bitterness, but he refused to hear me; then I prayed for grace to bear it. Now he heard my prayer; and light began to dawn upon my soul, faintly at first, but a steady and increasing light. My soul hungered and thirsted after righteousness, and his word was pledged that I should be filled. This, with other like promises, I claimed, and my hopes grew brighter and brighter; still I had not that assurance that I was accepted, that I was an heir of God, and joint heir with Christ, until the second day of December, when his Spirit witnessed with my spirit that I was a child of God. And now with confidence I can draw nigh, and Father, Abba Father, cry!"

In another letter, referring to a subsequent visit from this uncle, she says, —

"I often think of him, and the visit which he paid us, as one of the green spots in my life, around which memory loves to linger; and how sweet it is to know that, —

‘ There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat! ’

“ Last sabbath was a good day. Mother went to meeting, and brought home some of the good with her. The text in the morning was: ‘ Lovest thou me ? ’

“ Does it not seem strange to hear so many say, ‘ I hope I love the Lord,’ but can speak with no greater confidence? Whoever hears any one say, ‘ I hope I love my father, my mother, husband, wife, or child ? ’ Yet I used to do just so ; and that makes me desire all the more to point others to the better way, that they may find that assurance which it is every Christian’s privilege to enjoy.”

In another, Feb. 21, 1857, she says, “ My health is about the same as it has been, and my soul is in prosperity. I feel that the light shines upon my pathway brighter and brighter. I feel a more intense and burning desire to do and suffer the will, the whole will, and nothing but the will, of God. I realize —

“ ‘ His purposes are ripening fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower. ’ ”

June 25, 1857, she writes to a friend, “ On the

first sabbath in this month my father was baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus. What a covenant-keeping God! How faithful to all his exceeding great and precious promises! How immutable his promises! ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.’ ‘Delight thyself also in the Lord, and he shall give thee the desire of thine heart.’ These, and other similar promises, he is continually fulfilling in his own good time; and his faithfulness often constrains me to cry out, ‘What shall I render unto thee for all thy benefits to me,’ who am the least and most unworthy of all thy children? I have some of the time of late walked and talked with God in the closest communion I have ever known. He has given me the most remarkable answers to prayer that I have ever received; but the tempter has roared bravely against me for two or three days past, but I know that he is chained so that he cannot harm me. I have been much drawn out in prayer of late in behalf of you and your people. May the Lord strengthen you to accomplish great good in his name! Yours is a great work, and, if well done, a rich reward awaits you; for, ‘they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever.’

“ ‘Mount up the heights of wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge,
That human hearts should know.

Be faithful to thy mission,
In the service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.'

"Oh! let not 'the sheaves lie ungathered,' but thrust in thy sharpened sickle, and gather into the garner of thy Lord! Then, when your work is done, you will hear the welcome sound, 'Well done, good and faithful servant! enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.' What a heart-sickening sight to behold a world lying in wickedness, and rejecting so great and so free salvation, bought with so great a price, even the precious blood of Jesus! Is it not enough to melt the heart, and cause the tears to flow? Oh! let us do with our might, while the day lasts, what our hands find to do, and act well our part in the great work which God has assigned us."

The following extract is from a letter by the Baptist lady referred to in the narration, written Feb. 13, 1857: —

"Although I had often heard of my friend's affliction, I was wholly unprepared for the sight that presented itself when I came to see Sister Smith. I found her exceedingly emaciated, and prostrated upon a bed where she had lain many years, with limbs contracted, and hands well-nigh useless, and able to see only with one eye. I never saw such a sight, and could never have conceived

of one so diseased and helpless as she is. As I took my seat by her bed, and looked upon her wasted form, and realized her helpless condition, and heard her narration of what she had passed through in past years, and saw, also, her perfect resignation to her heavenly Father's will, I could but weep, and exclaim, Lord, what art thou not able to do! I feel that it has not been in vain that I have been permitted to see her, and be with her for some little time. Such patience, and firm confidence in God, I never saw before. And she was desirous to do (as well as suffer) all she could for the glory of God and the good of others around her, confident that when she has done with earth she shall find a 'house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.'

"What a lesson for those who murmur, and complain at every thing that does not accord with their wishes, to see one so greatly afflicted, yet always rejoicing!"

L. W."

TESTIMONY OF HER PASTOR, REV. OTIS PERRIN.

"I have visited her a number of times during the past year; and I have found her at all times, and under all circumstances, fully reconciled to God. Indeed, if any one at the present day has learned the lesson of Paul, that in whatever state I am, therewith to be content, I think she has. I *have said*, I thought that she enjoyed as much

religion as all the rest of the church. Perhaps that would be saying too much ; but I would say, that I have spent eight years of my life upon a sick-bed, and have seen others passing through all the trying vicissitudes of fortune incident to human life, yet I have never seen one where I thought there were such displays of the power of divine grace, when we consider that she has lain in the same posture for more than thirty years. The great length of her sickness necessarily renders her pecuniary circumstances trying in the extreme. If any one were blessed with much of the good things of this world, here would be a good opportunity for them to invest some of their capital, knowing that they who give to the poor lend unto the Lord."



CHAPTER VI.

“Peace, doubting heart : my God’s I am;
Who formed me man forbids my fear;
The Lord hath called me by my name;
The Lord protects ; forever near;
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own.”

PHENIXVILLE, May 24, 1867.

MRS. LAWRENCE.

Dear Madam, — I learn that you are preparing, for the public eye, a history of the life, suffering, and experience of Lizzie O. Smith. As I am a distant relative, and have known her for many years, and living as I do a very short distance from her home, I have felt that I should like to add a few items that may, perhaps, aid you in your efforts.

I was well acquainted with her mother, and knew Lizzie as a little child ; but after the breaking up of the family, in consequence of the death of her mother, I nearly lost sight of her for several years ; in fact, I knew but little of her for some years, until she was brought back to her early home a helpless cripple. She had then been sick

some five or six years. Soon after her return, I visited her. My feelings were stirred with the deepest sympathy as I looked upon this afflicted child of sorrow. As I left her bedside, and turned my steps homeward, I cannot describe the emotions that swelled my bosom, as I thought of the condition of that poor motherless girl. As I reflected upon her situation, I thought, perhaps, had her mother lived, she would never have come to this. Being a mother myself, I could feel this as none but a mother could.

The little patrimony that was left for the children when the mother died was soon spent to provide for the necessary care and medical aid for the suffering one, as well, also, as that which her father could earn besides. On the above-mentioned visit I saw that she was needy, and soon procured some print to make her a dress; and from time to time continued to add things for her comfort according as my means would allow. All that has been said of her helpless and needy condition is true, as I, who am so intimately acquainted with all the facts concerning her case, can speak with assurance.

Although she never asked aid of any one; yet I felt she needed it, and more than my limited means could supply. So, unknown to her, I had a little box made, and passed it around to some of the young ladies; then carried it, with the few dollars it contained, and placed it upon the table

that stood at the head of her little couch, hoping that it might meet the eye of the benevolent caller, and remind them that here was an object that needed material sympathy.

In 1855 she was taken very ill, and to all appearances her days were numbered. I was called several times to her bedside, as it was supposed, to see her breathe her last. She thought her work on earth was done, and seemed perfectly resigned to the will of God. At one time, when life had apparently fled, but just before utterance failed her, she was asked by one that stood near her, "if Jesus was precious." She distinctly and firmly answered "Yes." She hung thus for weeks between life and death. Death was a subject which she conversed upon with as much composure and pleasure as she would have done had she been going to take a journey to see some dearly beloved friend.

She was much beloved by the young people in our place; and it was their desire, that, should she be taken away, her remains should be placed in the cemetery where the last relics of the lamented Gen. Lyon now rest. This request she readily granted, and had a spot selected where her body was to be laid, although most of her relatives were buried in a cemetery two miles distant. Contrary to expectation of all, she recovered: her work was not done, and I feel that she has been the means of doing much good in the

service of our common Lord and master ; certainly my own soul has enjoyed rich feasts of love, and been greatly blessed in my frequent visits at her humble abode. Many hours have we spent in sweet counsel together, talking of the deep and glorious things of God ; and the precious social meetings, both prayer and class, that we have had in her room, have been precious indeed. They have been held there weekly and semi-weekly, for some five or six years. I have thought sometimes they would hardly have been sustained had it not been for her. She has often, in the absence of preacher and class-leader, taken the lead of the meetings, as we all thought she was the most capable of doing it. We feel, too, that her prayers and labors have availed much in bringing souls to Christ in this place, and encouraging believers on in the good way.

The sorrowful always love to go for sympathy to her, knowing that in her they will find a true friend. Even our ministers feel that there is a power in her influence which helps much to strengthen and encourage them in their labors.

Some years ago I felt that her room needed refitting up ; and, as I did not feel able to do all that was necessary to be done, I had a subscription paper drawn up without letting her know of it, and carried it to a great meeting which was held in the west part of our town, to see if I could not collect something to help in this matter. The

people contributed quite liberally, so that we were able to make her room much more comfortable and pleasant than before. She always appeared very thankful for any acts of kindness bestowed upon her.

I am very thankful that in you she has found so good and powerful a friend, and you will not loose any thing for what you do for her. It is because of the interest I take in her welfare that I have noted down these few ideas and incidents, to aid you in your efforts in her behalf, and to do good to others who may read of her life-long sufferings and patience, and the *faith* which has so gloriously triumphed over it all. If you think what I have written is worthy of any notice, use it at your discretion.

B. P. BULLARD.

NEVER APPLIED TO THE TOWN FOR AID.

It has been intimated that Sister Smith was poor, and this was true. Still it is a commendable fact that in all her poverty she never applied to the town for aid; but by prayer and supplication she made known her requests unto God. Mrs. Lawrence had asked her about this matter, and she replies, —

“I think I can answer you satisfactorily as to receiving aid from the town. Whenever my necessities have needed aid, I have always made

application to him whom I love and whose I am, and have ever found him to be such a covenant-keeping God, that my wants have ever been supplied so freely, that I have never been obliged to make application to the town. He has always raised up some such voluntary friend as yourself, in every time of need, by which he has magnified his power and his purpose to take care of those that trust him ; and surely you would join with me in praising him for his goodness and condescension in doing so, could you but know how the poor in our town are cared for, and in what hands they are placed, being sold by the year to the lowest bidder. I feel that it calls for gratitude from the deepest depths of my soul, that the Lord has never permitted me, helpless as I am, to come to that ; and I trust he never will."

REPAIRING THE HOUSE.

The home of the dear sister needed many repairs. The roof was leaky ; the back side was all out of repair. She says, " My building method progresses slowly : we have got the old part newly silled and newly clapboarded where it was necessary. It was very badly decayed, and has been much more expensive to fix it than we expected. My carpenter, Mr. Bullard said, thought it would have been all down on the back side, had it not been fixed in three years. The bank wall, which it was necessary to build, is finished, and the under-

pinning is ready, and the sills for the new post are laid ; the Lord willing, the frame will be raised next week. I am having it built plain but substantial."

Just think of it, a poor invalid superintending the building of a new part to her humble home and repairing the decaying part, and calling upon God for money to do all this ; and this money was forthcoming from her many friends in various places.

ONE DOLLAR PER WEEK BY WILL.

About this time a Mrs. Smith of Hartford, Conn., a cousin of Miss Smith, died ; and in her will she left her one dollar per week during her natural life.

ATTENDING CAMP-MEETINGS AND GROVE-MEETINGS.

By the kindness of her friends, she was carried on her bed to the Willimantic camp-meeting from year to year, and then to a grove-meeting that was held in her own town every fall ; and she took a great interest in such places, and was made a great blessing to many of the sinners and saints that would love to gather about her, to hear her relate the dealings of God to her soul. Hence she says, "I enjoyed the camp-meeting and the grove-meeting very much. I feel the Lord blessed me greatly, and strengthened me more than ever for future endurance, and fitted me up to meet the trials of

life, for they are plenty. Many of them are from the increasing infirmities of my parents; but the promises of my Father are literally fulfilled to me: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' And, 'As thy day is, so shall thy strength be;' also, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' Oh! how like the shadow of a great rock in a weary land is the Lord to me! how I love to look into the beams of that sunlight that emanates from the infinite 'I AM, the God of love and power!'"

SEVENTY LETTERS IN TEN WEEKS.

At one time her friends were so stirred up in her behalf, that the letters came in at a great rate, even as fast as some business men receive them; so that it was difficult to find any one to reply to them all, or to keep a just account of the amount of money in every letter. In a letter to Mrs. Lawrence, she writes, —

"MY DEAR FRIEND AND BENEFACTRESS, — I have felt, in view of what has been done for me by others, through your instrumentality, that those letters ought to be acknowledged by the public press, by the use of which they have been secured to me. One reason why I feel anxious about this is, because necessity has obliged me, for the want of a scribe, to limit my letters of acknowledgment to the fewest words possible. Then quite a number of the letters were anonymous or

blanks. I have endeavored to answer when the address was plainly given. I have about seventy letters in ten weeks. I should have been delighted to tell them all how much their benefactions added to my comfort in my helpless and dependent condition. I would love to have told them, too, of the consolations of that grace which has buoyed my soul above the afflictions and sorrows of earth, and given me the power to rejoice with a joy that is unspeakable and full of glory, and filled me with a hope of immortality. I feel that I have no language sufficiently expressive to convey to others the love of God's goodness to me.

“When I think, dear friend, of that one short interview with you, and of the benefits to me therefrom, I am led to exclaim, How mysterious are the ways of God, and yet how good !”

All this was to aid her in repairing and enlarging her home, and so the Lord did bountifully provide ; and the house was enlarged and fitted up with an economy and neatness that commends itself to all.

ONE-TENTH OF HER INCOME TO GOD'S CAUSE.

The reader will be delighted to know that the cause of God lay so near to the heart of our sister, that she devoted one-tenth of her income to the support thereof ; and I fear she will put many a Christian to a blush when they read

her letter to Mrs. Lawrence. She says, that out of the receipts from letters, sent through Mrs. L., "About sixty dollars of it has been spent in repairs on the house. I have purchased for my room a new parlor stove, and some articles of bed-clothing for myself, and a large woollen shawl, which things I have very much needed, especially when going from home. I have bought a barrel of flour and some groceries, &c. After appropriating one-tenth of the whole as an offering to God, I sincerely make to the cause of Christ, in accordance with a promise formerly made to God; believing it to be a positive duty enjoined under the present as well as during the past dispensation."

Let us reflect on this a moment. 1. She believes it to be a *positive duty* to devote one-tenth to the cause of Christ. 2. That this is enjoined in the new as well as under the old dispensation. 3. That she had made a promise formerly to God. 4. When her income was enlarged she kept her promise, which I fear many do not do. 5. How many of the readers will go and do likewise. 6. Can God be satisfied with a Christian who gives less to his cause than he required by law from a Jew. Reader! what do you say to this?

LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

Our dear Mrs. Lawrence, who had been so kind to Miss Smith, was brought into affliction herself, and how quickly a letter is sent from Miss Smith

to show the depth of her feeling for a faithful friend in her hour of trial, as follows :—

“ MRS. LAWRENCE, — My dear friend, will you consider it intrusive if I offer you a few words of sympathy in midst of your great sorrow. I have wanted to write to you ever since I heard from ‘ Zion’s Herald ’ of your bereavement, several weeks ago. But I have felt that words from human lips were insufficient to meet the needs of your sorrow-stricken heart, and it would be almost like mockery to offer them. I have felt that I would like to twine my arms around your neck, and whisper words of comfort to you in the name of Him, who in all our afflictions is afflicted. He can give the balm that will heal the wounds which the keen arrows of death make, when he strikes and lays low in the dust our loved ones. May he, that can comfort as a mother comforteth her children, comfort you in your sorrow ! You have often been remembered at the throne of grace, where I love to go and carry all my own wants and griefs, and those of my dear friends, among whom I number you, to whom I owe a great debt of gratitude. That little orphaned one, who will never know a father’s or a mother’s love, I think of too.

“ Remember me affectionately to your husband, and say to him, that the crippled one in the humble ‘ brown house on the hillside ’ thinks of him in his sorrow, and sympathizes with him in the

keen anguish he must have felt when he saw the king of terrors bear away from his sight a loved member of his own household. 'Death loves a shining mark.'

"Yours, in the loving bonds of Christ,

"LIZZIE O. SMITH."

EXPRESSION OF PERSONAL PIETY.

The letters of Sister Smith are fine expressions of her deep piety; see the following extract: "The river of salvation is deep; we may drink, and drink, and drink again, and never exhaust it. Oh, the height, the depth, the length, the breadth, of God's love! who can comprehend it? The more I taste, the more I want: only the Fountain-head above can satisfy the thirst of love. The more I see of his infinite purity, mercy, and love, the more humbled I feel, and the smaller I seem in his sight, and the more I desire to be like him."

A TRIAL OF FAITH.

"I have had nothing come in since I last wrote to you. My straitened circumstances have of late produced some anxious thoughts; but this morning I awoke before the dawn of day, and I was rebuked and refreshed and strengthened by the Spirit's application, and also by the parable of the birds of the air and of the lilies of the field. And the words of Jesus, 'Oh, ye of little faith,' went to my heart, with a fervor that I have no language

to express. Praise the Lord ! for such reproof and assurances from the great Caretaker. Hallelujah ! Let all the earth praise the Lord for his goodness. Amen."

HOLY TRIUMPH.

"My circumstances are at the present more trying than usual. Mother's health has been very poor all the spring, and for three weeks has been failing rapidly. I am powerfully testing the promises of God, and I find him faithful. Through the abounding grace of God I am kept in perfect peace, having the rest of faith, and the full assurance that the Lord doeth all things well. He who forgetteth not to care for the sparrows will not forget me. Oh, my dear friend ! the Lord is good always, and I see his loving hand in every thing. He is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. He is indeed precious to my soul. Our physician thinks that mother cannot live long : her lungs are ulcerated. I am feeling tired and careworn in body, but strong in the Lord."



CHAPTER VII.

“ Since thou hast bid me come to thee
 (Good as thou art, and strong to save),
I'll walk o'er life's tempestuous sea,
Upborne by thy unyielding wave,
Dauntless, though rocks of pride be near,
And yawning whirlpools of despair.”

WHILE the war of the rebellion was raging, the heart of Sister Smith was lifted to God for the brave patriots who had gone to the South to lay down their lives for the country they loved ; and among the rest was the noble and valiant Gen. Lyon, a native of Eastford, who fell so soon in the fierce engagement of Wilson's Creek. His mortal remains are laid in the cemetery, quite near to the home of Lizzie ; and the following letter will explain the rest, from one who to me is unknown : —

“ On that memorable day, which occurs only once in a life-time, in which governors, statesmen, patriots, and military heroes came together at Eastford, Conn., to bury the mutilated body of Gen. Lyon, whose heroic spirit and noble deeds

will ever grace the pages of our nation's history, I first made the acquaintance with the subject of this brief narrative. After listening to the stirring speeches made on that memorable occasion, our company passed on before them to the place of interment, while the procession was being formed, to the south part of the parish, quite near to the residence of Miss L. O. Smith. One of the lady friends of our company, seeing a small bed on the little hillock just south of the cemetery, went to explore what it contained, and came back to us with the following request: 'Come up and see the young lady yonder; she is one of the most patient and happy persons you ever saw, and appears to be almost entirely helpless. She has heard of you by report, and would be glad to see you and converse with you.'

"The story of human suffering, to the Christian heart, whether of body, mind, or estate, true ever to itself, always finds a response. Somewhat reluctantly, as a stranger would naturally feel, I complied with her request, and immediately repaired to the little couch of the patient Christian sufferer, who, as the narrative states, had been for many years under a process of refinement in one of the deepest trying furnaces of physical pain and mental agony, depriving her of almost every physical enjoyment, amounting to complete prostration of every nerve and muscle. Such a complete victory over so much physical deprivation

and mental resource of enjoyment, I had not met before in my short pilgrimage.

“The beautiful photograph of the original, lying before me as I write, brings the whole scene of this happy event vividly to mind. And I can truthfully say, from our first interview of about thirty minutes, that happy face shining so deeply down in the furnace, as I then saw it, together with her patient resignation under her affliction, had so daguerrotyped her form in my mind, that had I not seen her on earth, or her picture, I think I should have remembered it when I met her in that beautiful world, where poisonous drugs, administered by the hand of professedly learned quacks, never can destroy or belittle the bodies of its redeemed inhabitants. We were strangers but for a few moments ; for our spirits mingled together at the throne of grace in vocal prayer as a brother and sister of Christ’s spiritual family, which made us at home at once. That brief interview has often afforded me pleasure on reflection ; and that little episode in life’s short journey will afford me pleasure when in that world of light and glory we contemplate the pleasing reminiscences of our earthly pilgrimage.

“The moral heroic and the military were so contrasted in my own mind, that the former was to me as much higher than the latter as the heavens are higher than the earth, or as high above each other as the eternal honors of God are more enduring

than the honors of men. The one began to die away and fade the moment the roar of the musketry ceased over that pale, manly form, and may finally die with the history of the nation. The other rises higher on earth, in the enlightened Christian's mind, until it conquers sin, death, hell, and the grave, and will be rising higher and still higher to all eternity. May that victory and conquest be that of the author and every reader of this brief narrative, is the prayer of N. G."

How precious it is to read over the letters of a friend who lives so near to God. I cannot withhold the following extracts of letters sent to Mrs. Lawrence :—

"My health is quite good for me ; and I am happy in the Lord, and feel that whatsoever trials I am called to pass through are among the 'all things that work together for my good.' For I do know that I love God : therefore, I have an assurance from the great I AM, who can utter nothing but eternal and immutable truth. Oh, it seems to me, sometimes, as if I never felt the love of God burn with such an intense, constant, and powerful ardor upon the altar of my heart as it has for a few months past ! Oh, that all the world might taste and see the riches of his grace !"

Again she writes, "Please say to Dr. Lawrence that I owe him a thousand thanks for an article

from his pen, entitled, ‘The Illuminated Valley,’ which I read in ‘Zion’s Herald.’ Oh, how really it harmonized with my own experience, under similar circumstances! What glory can we catch through the cracks and crevices of dissolving nature, of the sweet sunshine of the beautiful beyond! How delightful to feel that our imprisoned spirits are almost free, — just ready to spread their pinions to soar away to find their long-sought rest upon the Saviour’s loving breast! I hope, if the Lord will, that the doctor may be spared long to bless the world with his teachings, and have health sufficient to be abundant in labors in the cause of Christ.

“I am much happier in my Christian experience than in the early part of winter. For a season then I toiled much; but grace has again triumphed, and I am happy, gloriously happy, in the Lord. It seems as though I never loved so well to be alone with Jesus, and hold sweet communion with him. The burden of my prayer has been for a more direct, free, and complete union and communion with the Lord, and a deeper and more sensible consciousness of the divine presence with me, and greater revelations of the mysteries of his kingdom, and the hid treasures of wisdom and knowledge. And he who despises not the prayer of the destitute has heard and answered by pouring out, in rich effusions, his Spirit upon me. Oh, yes, I know I love the Lord! I

love his cause. I love his kingdom. I love poor sinners, too, for whom Christ died. To say that I am willing to die for them is to say but little; but when I say that I am willing to live for them (which I have felt able to say for some years past), then I offer a sacrifice that costs me something."

To the same she writes, "Spiritually I have been some part of the winter baptized into the Lord in a cloud. Though now, by faith, I have an open vision of the goodness and the glory of God, such intense longings after the divine image, and a deep and abiding consciousness of the presence of the Three in One, as I have seldom, if ever, had before. It has seemed sometimes as if the immortal part of my being would burst away from its shackles of mortality, and soar to its native land, and find its resting-place in the bosom of my Jesus.

"I AM HAPPY, — SO HAPPY!

walking to and fro through the flames 'leaning on my Beloved.' How quietly we rest when we are all the Lord's, living in full assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ has cleansed us from all sin."

But trials still awaited this saint of God, as the next extract explains. Joys and sorrows are the common lot of this world. Of her sick mother she writes, "We had flattered ourselves that she would stay with us through the winter, if no

longer ; but our hopes were in vain, and we are again taught to know that ‘God’s ways are not our ways, and his thoughts are not our thoughts.’

“On the twenty-second of September mother died. Although feeble, mother had been about her work as usual in the forenoon ; and in the early part of the afternoon, while washing out a shirt for father, she had a paralytic shock, and fell to the floor. There was no one with me except a little girl of nine years. I sent her for assistance, which soon came. She was apparently nearly dead when help reached her ; but, being laid upon her bed, she rallied somewhat, and was conscious for nearly an hour. Then she slept most of the time until nearly two o’clock the next morning, when she passed away without moving a limb or a muscle, although she seemed to labor for breath. On Friday her mortal remains were laid away in the silent grave, to rest until the resurrection morn.

“But I cannot tell you, in any way, the debt of gratitude I owe to God for the all-sufficient sustaining grace in these hours of severe trial. It has put my faith to a severe test, yet it fails not. My gratitude entirely swallowed up my grief, God was so good in the midst of it all. What we shall do for help, I do not know.”

THOUGHTS ON A LIFE-BOOK OF HER SUFFERINGS.

Mrs. Lawrence has for years had it on her mind and heart to prepare a manuscript record of Sister Smith; and it may be well to see what Sister S. thought of the matter: "I think such a work, in order to be useful, should be written in such a style as to interest readers, or its circulation will be limited. I have made the matter a subject of prayer, and have decided to accept your proposal, and ask you to make the book as interesting as you can, and leave the result with God. I think I have learned the lesson of trust more perfectly within the past few months than I have ever done before. I have come to rest all my affairs, both temporal and spiritual, in the hands of God, and *he has never disappointed my faith*; and if he sees that the narrative of my somewhat peculiar life and sufferings, and the triumphs of his grace, are likely to do good in the world, I do not fear but he will give it circulation."

This has the true ring in it; and I will add that two weeks ago I had no idea of writing this narrative; but I have been led into it in a kind of providential way, as I had opportunity, and I now believe that God's hand is in it, and that it will prosper. I have avoided mental labor for the past few weeks, because of a trouble in my head; but I have been graciously sustained in this labor

of love, and have succeeded far better than I expected. Lord help me through!

The following is indeed touching.

In 1866 the Methodist Church raised about nine millions of dollars as a centenary offering; and our good sister could not let such a time as that pass by without doing her share, so she sent her offering; and the following letter will show how it was received.

PHENIXVILLE, CONN., April 27, 1866.

DEAR MISS WILLARD, — Having read in “Zion’s Herald” of your purpose to furnish, as a centenary offering, a home for the students of the Garrett Biblical Institute in Evanston, to be called Heck Hall, I here enclose one dollar to aid you in your efforts to do so.

It is not the *widow’s* but the *cripple’s* mite; and were it larger it would be most cheerfully bestowed. It is a portion of the tenth which the hand of charity bestows upon me, and which has for some years been devoted to the service of the Lord. I have been a poor and helpless cripple, unable to stand upon my feet, change my position in bed (where I lay upon one side always), carry my hand to my head, or open my jaws to receive my food, ever since the twelfth year of my age. I am now forty-two years old, having been in this situation thirty long years.

I love the Lord and his cause, and have abundant reason for thankfulness for the many mercies

and blessings which my heavenly Father so kindly bestows upon one so unworthy.

May God bless you in your laudable undertaking! and may the fulness of the blessing of the gospel rest upon all who are benefited by it! My prayers attend this small donation.

LIZZIE O. SMITH.

A TOUCHING GIFT.

DEAR DR. EDDY, — I copy and enclose to you a *sermon* most eloquent, in the form of a letter to-day received: it is, to me, the most valuable yet written in connection with our Association. The dollar seems to me in some sense sacred, and the tears that the very sight of it brings to my heart will make it better and more tender.

The reading of this letter will do much good, I think. How its patient thankfulness puts to shame our querulous ingratitude! How the thought of the awful visitation permitted for some mysterious reason to this Christian woman may help us to be patient with our lighter burdens and less enduring griefs. Use the letter as you like. Perhaps names should be suppressed.

Truly yours,

FRANCES E. WILLARD,

Cor. Sec'y.

I can hardly close this deeply interesting narrative without noting another severe trial which our

sister has passed through of late. That fond father, of whom she has spoken so freely and affectionately, has passed on to the realms of glory, to wait at the gate for his daughter, who for about forty years has been purifying in the furnace of affliction. He was well prepared for the exchange of earth for heaven, of sorrow for joy, and of pain for pleasure. He was indeed a kind father, and even to the last he was full of affection; and, when he could not speak, he wanted to be placed where he could see his daughter, who could not leave her prison-bed, even to see her father die. It was a tender scene but a holy triumph; for the very room was filled with the divine presence, and the kind and attendant angels carried the immortal spirit, to take up its abode with the blood-washed around the throne.

Some months ago Sister Lizzie reminded me that her letters may be called for, and that a biography was to be written, and that Mrs. Lawrence had been thinking of it for years. Little did I then think that such a lot would fall to me.

Mrs. Lawrence, at Lizzie's request, sent me all the material she had gathered; saying that she had commenced the work, but, finding no publisher willing to undertake it, had been waiting for further light, and would be rejoiced if I carried it through. Now I must give a few quotations from my letters.

“I am glad your experience at G. was so pleas-

urable: we now and then have such a bright spot in memory's waste. My heart has been wonderfully drawn out for you and your success in your labors. I have been praying for that place, ever since you requested my prayers for it. I believe you will see a mighty work there. O my brother! within a few days I have felt like opening my mouth wide for you, and I felt that I had a great deal of appropriating faith in your behalf; but, oh! you do not know when I think of my own place, how sad I feel. My tears have been my meat day and night. I often feel that I cannot stay here if there is not a change for the better."

This letter serves to show the tone of other letters; and I wish to record that I have great faith in the prayers of this sick sister, and count myself happy to have made her acquaintance, and expect she will shine in glory far brighter than those who have had greater privileges.

This book might have been made much larger; but I have endeavored to keep to the point, and have suppressed every thing unnecessary to give a full picture of the life and sufferings in question. Then, a small book will sell faster than a large one.

There are, no doubt, many errors that have escaped my review; but it is as perfect as I had time to make it: and it is a comfort to me that Gabriel in glory can do no better than he can; and this I have done, and I know God approves. Sister

Smith is in her usual health, and may live many years in this life; and I trust that this book will be a source of income to her, and a great blessing to tens of thousands that may read it.

Sister Smith's experience is another testimony to the truth of the old Bible and Wesleyan doctrine of sin in believers, and to the work of entire sanctification by the immediate operation of the Holy Ghost, which is not experienced at the time we are converted, nor by any process of growth, but by the Spirit of God in answer to an all consecrating and appropriating act of faith.

In her last letter to me, July 10, 1874, she writes, —

“Your faith has strengthened my faith; and I believe the work will go through. If so, I hope it will do ‘mountains of good,’ as you think it will. May the Lord abundantly reward you, my brother, for trying to do me so much good! Though my health is about as usual, yet I sometimes think I shall not need the love and care of my earthly friends a great while longer; but, of course, this is known only to Him who knoweth all things. However this may be, while I live, I want God should glorify himself in me, that I may be eternally glorified with him.”

TESTIMONIES AND INCIDENTS.

Since writing the above, the following have been sent, and I give them room, as they give additional evidence of the power of salvation in Miss Smith.

Rev. John H. Sherman was acquainted with Miss Smith, being born in the same town. He gives the following:—

“In the year 1850 I saw her for the first time. I was then eleven years of age. Here I learned my first lesson of the *reality* of religion,—of what it could do for man.

“I was moved with pity at what seemed to me such a sad condition. I could only look on with astonishment to see how happy she seemed to be.

“She then had a little musical instrument fixed across her bed, which she called a melodeon. It was a very ingenious contrivance, and it would have been worth considerable to see her manage to play on it. It would certainly have been a difficult matter to have convinced any one, by testimony, that such a crippled form as she could ‘*play on a melodeon.*’ What seemed more passing strange to my youthful mind was, all her tunes and songs were of a cheerful and joyful nature.

“Her conversation was all cheerful; and happiness seemed to fairly shine in her face.

“Arriving home, I said to my father, ‘I have seen a strange sight to-day! A poor cripple girl (I took her to be much younger than she really was), that cannot move, but a very little, a single joint in her whole body, and never expects to get well, or to leave her bed, or turn over in it, in all her life; and yet *she is the happiest creature I ever saw.* What makes her so?’ She always appeared to me to be the happiest person in the world.

“The following year I found the same dear Saviour precious to my soul, for I was converted.

“In 1852 I saw her at camp-meeting: she staid in our tent. I gathered much from her that has often been a help to me, and the precious seed sowed by her constant efforts to proclaim Jesus to some one will be seen in eternity. One scene, especially, made a deep and lasting impression on my heart, though more than a score of years are past. The whole scene presents as lively a picture in my mind as though it was but yesterday.

“We were having prayer-meeting in Eastford tent, on Danielsonville camp-ground.

“A large crowd of persons were gathered about the door of our tent; Sister Lizzie lay on her little cot at the door of the tent, in the shade just outside the tent, the whole front of the tent being open. The crowd (mainly young people) were looking upon her with surprise and pity; quite a number of these

were strong, robust-looking young men. I shall never forget the following words (she spoke them in an earnest exhortation):—

“Young friends, you look strong and healthy. You look upon me with an eye of pity. I want to tell you I am happy in Jesus. I do not know you, — what your wealth or position in life may be; but, with all your health and *whatever* your wealth or prospects in life may be, if you have not the religion of Jesus, I would not change places with any of you.”

Rev. N. Goodrich, her former pastor, says, —

“Having been acquainted with the subject of this brief narrative, for more than *twelve* long dreary years of physical suffering and glorious spiritual triumph, over the world, the flesh, and the *devil*, I hereby add my testimony to the truthfulness of the statements herein so graphically delineated. It would hardly be possible to overstate them, as no one but *herself* could imagine the *mental* and *physical* agony, that, in such a life of almost abject suffering, she has endured for thirty-eight years as her common lot. Such a life could not have been made tolerable, save by the constant abiding evidence of divine acceptance, clearly manifested, and continually realized and enjoyed in the soul.

‘O wondrous grace,
O boundless love!’

“This is not the testimony of one individual merely, but the universal testimony of all intelligent Christians, not only of her own church, but of other friends in the various denominations in the town and vicinity, and in fact wherever she is best known. I can bear truthful testimony also to her benevolence and real genuine love to Christ and his cause, exhibited in its practical fruits by her systematic beneficence, causing her (at times) great self-denial, which I know it must have cost her, in order to carry out her annual practice of giving one-tenth of all her income to the cause of Christ, both at home and abroad. Her influence both in the church and community generally — to the praise of God be it said — is not second to any person, religiously, in that region, either as a private Christian or a class-leader.

“Her pastors have all known that her exhortations and prayers are a power for good to all, both saint or sinner, who have had the privilege of listening to them. The crippled body is truly the temple of the Holy Ghost. Amen.”

The following letter explains itself:—

EAST THOMPSON, July 13, 1874.

REV. E. DAVIES.

Dear Brother, — I received a letter last week from Sister L. O. Smith of Eastford, stating your purpose in giving to the

public some account of her life of suffering, moral triumph, religious victory, and personal usefulness, &c. The object of the narrative was to aid, if possible, the afflicted one to some of life's necessities, of which by her own efforts she really is destitute. This effort on your part, without *fee* or *reward*, seems to me to be a very noble one, and doubtless the promptings of the blessed spirit of the Master, for which you will have your *hundred fold* in this life, and in the world to come life *eternal*. Thank the Lord! If by Lizzie's suggestion I can aid you in any way, I would do it most cheerfully, with this restriction, that it be assigned *only* to a former pastor.

Yours very truly,

N. GOODRICH.

Mr. Jesse Gibson was a noted infidel, for whom Miss Smith felt a deep interest, and prayed much for him, and sent him a number of letters, and they were made a great blessing to him. He sends the following inscription:—

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS L. O. SMITH.

INSCRIBED WITH CHRISTIAN TENDERNESS, BY MR. JESSE GIBSON, HOPEVILLE, CONN., JULY, 1874.

“The past of life, how sweet to muse,
When thou didst pray and toil
That I might reason disabuse,
Christ's teachings reconcile.

“The sleepless nights I mused are past,
The aching head is well;
Beneath the cross my all is cast:
How sweet the tale to tell!

“Thy form, dear friend, is paralyzed,
Contains a soul so sweet,
Which helped me to be Christianized,
More thoughtful, and discreet.

“Your Christian counsel will I keep
That I may live and die;
And ever in Jesus fall asleep,
Amid worlds of endless joy.

“Thy tender words will I embrace,
While logic stooped, in turn,
To sip the healing of his grace
Who doth for sinners yearn.

“God bless and comfort you always
As down to death you go;
In glory, God will ever say,
‘Well done, the work below.’”

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